Northern Messenger

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Have I a Chance?

By Harold E. Christie

"MY father died when I was ten, and I had to quit school. I want to be something big, maybe an engineer; but they tell me I've got to go to college to do that. Have I a chance?"

I've heard that same question . . . worded somewhat differently from time to time but still the same . . . on an average of half a dozen times a day. And all the questioners end their queries with the same half-eager, half-despairing question, 'Have I a chance?'

As a vocational guidance teacher, I'm forced to give that meaningless 'No and Yes' answer that isn't an answer at all. Why can't the youth of this country realize that they must decide now what they plan to be in the future, then train themselves for it. Why do they spend their best learning years in idleness or pleasure . . . or perhaps engaged in misdirected labor . . . when it is so easy to train themselves for the job they really want.

There is a chance; but the individual must make it for himself; I can't do it for you, nor can anyone else.

THE STORY OF BILL AND MALCOLM

MALCOLM was the high school's leading athlete, and was assured of a scholarship to almost any college he chose.

Bill had to quit school at ten because his father died suddenly, leaving Bill as the 'man of the family'. While Malcolm was in college, living up to his athletic promise, Bill was already a wizened old man of eighteen, with rounded shoulders and a forgotten smile.

I was employment manager at Langley's the day when both Bill and Malcolm came to my office seeking a job. Malcolm brought his college degree with him, but didn't have the slightest idea what he could do, or how he would start to do it. "I need a job," he told me. "Any kind of a job. I'm strong as an ox, and am sure I could do the work."

Yes, Malcolm was strong as an ox . . . through his shoulders. His head was rather like an ox, too, I reflected, otherwise he would have learned during four years of college just what he wanted to do, and how to do it. Then he would have come to me and asked for a particular job, and told me just why he could handle that job.

* * *

THAT was what Bill did. As nearly as I can recall it, here's his side of our conversation:

TO LABOR

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

in 'Organized Labor'

Shall you complain who feed the world?
Who clothe the world?
Who house the world?
Shall you complain who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You use your power,
The world must follow you!

The world's life hangs on your right hand!
Your strong right hand,
Your skilled right hand,
You hold the whole world in your hand.
See to it what you do!
Or dark or light,
Or wrong or right,
The world is made by you!

Then rise as you never rose before!
Nor hoped before!
Nor dared before!
And show as was never shown before,
The power that lies in you!
Stand all as one!
See justice done.
Believe, and Dare, and Do!

"I just heard that your company needed an inspector, and I'd like to have the job. I talked to Jim Brown, one of your inspectors, and he told me all about the work, and I know I can do it. I've spent several days in your shop, just watching Jim work, and asking him questions. I've read everything the library has which would help me, and have subscribed to a trade magazine that Jim said would help.

"I don't want to be an inspector all my life, of course; but I think it's the one place in your plant where I can learn everything about your whole setup. I want to be a salesman for your company, some day; but I'd rather spend several years in the shop, learning, before I try to sell."

Oh yes, I hired both of them. Malcolm because he was a nephew of the manager and Bill because he had something I don't find very often. That was ten years ago. Now Bill is our leading salesman, and Malcolm, he's still working as an inspector . . . and a mighty poor one."

Have you a chance? Of course, if you are willing to follow the example of boys like Bill. Learn what you want to do, then learn everything about that job that you possibly can. If you can get experience for the job you want by first working at some other job, don't refuse the chance because it pays less or works you harder. You will be repaid in the end, you know.

But go to school as long as you can, And use the time you are there to train yourself for the job you want. Learn all about it, then go out and get it.

Train Yourself for Your Work

IN this age of machines, one man now does the work that once required twenty skilled workers to perform. That one man out of twenty is the best trained worker of the twenty, and the other nineteen are either unemployed or doing some other form of work. The one man is the one who trained himself for his work, while the others are taking lesser jobs or smaller pay because they failed to train themselves while they could.

In our grandfather's day, the college graduate was a rarity, and could demand and get any job or salary he wanted. In father's day, the college graduate was more common, but he still had his choice of jobs. But this isn't grandfather's day, or even fathers. Today even the college graduate must step aside and make room for the man with the best training in the particular work that requires being done.

What chance, then, has the youth who was unable to complete his education? If college graduates can not be sure of employment, can a grammar school education ever suffice to secure the job you want?

'Have I a chance?' Yes! Every boy or girl has a chance to become whatever he or she may decide to become. They don't need to permit educational . . . or physical . . . handicaps to overcome them. Such deficiencies only make the right man work harder to overcome them, although they prove insurmountable obstacles to less strong-willed youth.

College Not Always Necessary

FOR the boy who couldn't go to college, there are jobs where a college education is not required. Have you investigated the possibilities of such fields? Perhaps they include the very work that you want to do.

The average boy or girl can not name more than a score of different jobs which might be open to him . . . he knows the lawyer, doctor, baker, banker, mechanic, farmer group, and then his knowledge stops. Yet there are over a thousand different vocations, and one of them might be just the right one.

Training is an absolute necessity for any job, today; but that does not necessarily mean a college training. Experience can be substituted for many college courses, if you are willing to work for the experience.

We should be slow to take offence, and slower to give it.—Sel.

THE MOST USEFUL PROFESSION

"Be proud of your farming profession," Quebec's Premier Godbout told a throng of about ten thousand people, mostly young Canadian farmers, recently. "For it is the most useful profession and, more than any other, offers a guarantee for the prosperity of our province and our country."

Premier Godbout said farming demanded greater competence on the part of young men than any other calling because it was the most useful profession from a national viewpoint. "There is room to spare in all spheres of society, but to fill a vacancy in agriculture the maximum of competence is required. Fill this role," he told the young farmers, "not only for yourselves, but also for society, and prepare yourselves for it."

Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills
The fields with Plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
—Benjamin Hathaway.

Word 'Reich' is German For Government Systems

THE word "reich" is a German word meaning kingdom, empire, state or commonwealth. Etymologists believe it to be related in origin to the English word "realm," which is traceable to the Latin "regere," to rule or keep straight. (Further back it can be traced to the Hindu "raj", rule.)

The verb "reichen" in German means to reach, observes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

During the days of the German empire it was customary to speak of the empire as the reich to distinguish it from the kingdoms, provinces, confederacies and other political units of which it was composed. After the kaiser's abdication in 1918 the name survived as the common appellation of Germany, and it is correct to speak of the chancellor of the German reich. The word occurs in many compounds—Reichstag, reichsgericht, reichsland, reichsstadt, reichsbank, reichsthaler, reichsmark, reichsbishop, and reichsfuehrer, signifying respectively German national or state diet, supreme court, land, city, bank, dollar, mark, bishop and leader.

The first, second and third reich are the names applied to the three successive systems of government in Germany since 1871. The empire was the first reich; the post-war republic under Presidents Ebert and Hindenberg, the second reich, and the National Socialist regime, the third reich.

Where Red Square Got its Name

CONTRARY to general belief, the famous Russian "Red Square" did not get its name from anything relating to the red revolution or the emblem of the Communist party. It was called "Red Square" long before Communism was thought of in Russia. The square was named in the Middle Ages, says Pearson's London Weekly, and the Russian name for it was "Krasnya," which is translated as "red" in English. In Russian the word means "beautiful" as well as "red."

"For the Honour of the Clan"

By Emma Gary Wallace

For the Messenger

IMPORTANT PEOPLE

DUDLEY WEATHERBY, eldest son of MRS. WEATHERBY and heir to the Weatherby farm and peach orchard.

BRUCE WEATHERBY, Dudley's younger brother, who was intended by their grandfather to inherit a share in the estate, but cannot support his claim and Dudley takes control. Bruce gets a job away from home, but returns to visit his mother.

"BUT surely," said Bruce, "he doesn't try to get away from you the little you have, does he, mother?"

His mother turned her face away and didn't answer.

"Tell me please," Bruce pleaded.

It was a moment or two before his mother spoke. "Yes, perhaps it is better that I tell you. He has been trying to get me to deed him these few acres of mine and the house. He says I shall have the use of them as long as I live, but that he needs this property to even out the lines of his own holdings.

"You know, Bruce, the land came from my father, and your father and I worked and built the house. I am sure Dudley means what he says about my having it as long as I live, but I don't feel he ought to ask me to give it up—not now. He thinks that it is his due as long as he has helped with the expenses of the place. He says it should always have been in one parcel down to the shore of the Little Branch River. Then the land would be in one great, regular rectangle.

"He hints that he may marry, and unless he has title to this place, he'll build a house on his own land or fix over your Grandfather Weatherby's old home. Then I'd be left all alone, to get along as best I may. I can't believe though, he'd leave me like that—I—"

* * *

BRUCE could not help feeling that perhaps his mother was exaggerating the situation, and he hastened to assure her that she ought to do just as she wanted to do, and that should the worst happen, he'd either come back to be with her, or plan to take her to Hammond with him.

Julia Weatherby was plainly comforted, but Bruce could see that she was careful Dudley should not find them alone and talking together more than she could help. After all, perhaps it was as well to keep peace as far as possible'

Dudley was pleasant enough to Bruce and offered to drive him back to the city in the new car he had recently purchased.

"Peach money," Dudley dropped casually.

Some way or other though, Bruce couldn't drive the impression out of his mind that Dudley would be better pleased once he (Bruce) were out of the way and back at his job.

Several times while Bruce was at home, rough-appearing men stopped in the roadway outside, and every time Dud hurried out to meet them and earnest conferences were held. Bruce couldn't understand it. He identified one or two of these men as inhabitants of The Flats—men who bore an unsavory reputation.

When the time came for Bruce to leave, he drew his mother into an inner room, and made her promise that if anything happened she needed him, she would call him by telephone without delay. Then he felt better.

At the last moment, Bruce remembered that he wanted to take back with him a small tool he had left in his room upstairs. He hadn't any time to waste for he could hear his brother getting the car out of the little barn near the house.

Bruce ran lightly upstairs but he failed to find the wrench where he was sure he had left it.

"Perhaps," he muttered to himself, "Dud took it into his room."

He stepped in there and looked around. No tool was in sight. Possibly Dud had put it on the shelf in the closet where he sometimes put things he wanted to keep.

Bruce felt about quickly. There was a little ridge under the newspaper which covered the shelf. The searcher raised the paper and without thinking why he did so, drew forth a folded document.

* * *

AS Bruce looked at the document in his hand, his heart almost stopped beating. It was the lost will of his Grandfather Weatherby! He slipped the paper into his pocket. What he had found meant much more to him than the little tool he failed to locate.

Dudley was honking impatiently for Bruce to come along. Shoving the paper into his pocket, he hurried out to the car.

When he was once more safely in his small, cold, boaring-house room, Bruce pulled out the folded document from his inner pocket and read it through carefully. Could it be possible that Dudley had had this will all the time and had deliberately wronged him out of his part of the inheritance? Bruce could scarcely bring himself to believe that, yet the long-searched-for lost will was in his hands, and had been executed in due form as his grandfather had stated.

For days, Bruce's mind went over and over the entire situation and all it involved. There were times when he felt hot anger rise against Dudley—then the words kept surging through his mind, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

What could be done about it? Surely it wasn't fair to himself to keep the matter secret. Bruce finally came to the state of mind where he could pray, "Dear Heavenly Father, this is Thy problem. Please show me what to do and help me to do it. If it be Thy will, let not money or land divide our family. I believe I can make my own way, but I want Dud to do right!"

* * *

FOR days, Bruce's mind was in a turmoil. Again and again his grandfather's words came back to him, "The Weatherbys always stand by each other. If there's a crisis, they rally round—for the honor of the clan."

Could he expose and disgrace Dudley by revealing what he had learned? Would the inevitable break in the family be compensated for by "mere money"?

It was almost a week after his return when he was awakened by a tap at his door. It was his landlady.

"An early telephone call for you," she announced.

It was his mother.

"Oh, Brucie, come home quickly!" she began without any preliminaries. "Dudley is missing. He went away night before last. He told me he might be late—but not to worry. He wasn't here yesterday morning. He was gone all day and all night again. Something has happened!"

"Did he take the car?" Bruce asked quickly.

"No, those strange men came that you saw when you were here. They had a car and they followed the woods road, headed for the Little Branch. I'm—I'm afraid, Brucie. Years ago, smugglers used to come up the Big Branch from the lake to the mouth of the Little Branch. Something's wrong!"

"Don't worry, Mother," Bruce called briskly. "I'll be home as quickly as I can make it. But," he added as an afterthought, "I may be able to get a scouting plane and fly over the Big Branch and Little Branch waters.

(To Be Continued.)

THE SMALLER WORLD

Amos R. Wells

"The world's growing smaller" —the saying is true;
The world has grown smaller to me and to you.
How many more people we gayly discover,
Meeting them over and over and over,
People of all of the nations and races,
Bumping against them in oddest of places,
China and India, Greece and Siam,
Wherever you are and wherever I am!

"The world has grown smaller"—by sea and by land
What swift transportation awaits our command!
The steam and the lightning and strong gasoline,
They bear us at will to the distantest scene.
We can talk through the air to the ends of the earth,
Though the things that are said may have scantiest worth.
And soon—ah, the marvel stupendous will be!—
The farthest events we shall instantly see.

"The world has grown smaller"—but sadly I raise
This question through all of these wonderful days:
"While the world has collapsed to so trifling a bit,
Are *we* growing larger, or smaller with it?
Do our spirits expand in these marvellous hours,
Or are we but pygmies with infinite powers?"
While the world has grown small to our physical ken,
It is smaller alone to the bigger men.

The Work of a Poet and a Missionary

By GRACE BOTELER ALLEN

"Holy, holy, holy . . .

* * * *

Early in the morning,
Our song shall rise to Thee!"

EVERY one loves this song written by Reginald Heber, son of a clergyman and grandson of one. It was in 1826 that his hymn was first heard, and Tennyson, then poet laureate of England, declared it the world's greatest hymn.

Young Heber grew up among books. There were the priceless libraries of his father and grandfather as well as his brother's, which consisted of a hundred and fifty thousand volumes. He loved books.

At seventeen, at Brazenose College he won a medal for producing the best Latin verse. In 1803 he read at Commencement his poem "Palestine" which received not only the prize but so much praise that he hurried away from his friends. His mother found him on his knees in earnest thanks to God.

Praising and giving were Reginald Heber's life. When he met a man in need of shoes, Reginald gave his overshoes. Whatever he had belonged to the other fellow if the beggar needed it more.

In 1809, a minister to Hodnet, England, he wrote: "My psalm singing continues bad. The music is bad. I purchased Cowper's Hymns without music to put in the seats. If I would not be accused of being conceited I would write something better."

* * *

HE was thirty-six and the guest of his father-in-law, Dean Shipley, who had prepared a missionary sermon, and who spoke to Heber.

"I wish you'd write something appropriate," suggested the Dean. Heber went to a table in the corner and in a short time produced three verses of the great hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which he took to the Dean.

"Fine. Just what I want," beamed the older man.

"The sense is incomplete," complained the author and added the fourth verse and the others. But one change was made. 'Heathen' was substituted for 'savage.' The hymn was sung the next morning in Wrexham church. The original manuscript torn by the printer's hook was exhibited at the World's Exhibition in London, 1851 and was sold to Dr. Thomas Raffles.

It was while Dr. Heber was Bishop of Calcutta that he wrote the hymn of adoration, "Holy, Holy, Holy." There in India he used himself pitilessly. There was so much to do, he said, and so little time in which to do it. He made a multitude of friends. He left fifty-seven hymns which after his sudden death, were voted priceless.

Dr. John Dykes, who composed the tune called it Nicaea because the hymn celebrates the doctrine of the Holy Trinity as first given official expression at the Council of Nicaea in Asia Minor, 325 A.D. In 1826, when he was but forty-three years of age, Reginald Heber passed on. But in this year of our Lord, 1940, in chapel and school and college and home, his words are used to inspire and to bless.

Louis Braille — The Blind Man Who Helped the Blind

BLIND people in every land love the name of Louis Braille, the blind Frenchman who, over a century ago, invented an alphabet that can be read by touch.

Books in this kind of type are printed in great numbers by the National Institute for the Blind, and by their help blind boys and girls can now go in imagination to see Robinson Crusoe on his island or wander with Alice in Wonderland.

As a child Louis Braille had normal sight, and he was as full of mischief as any child. One day he entered his father's workshop, took up a sharp tool, and chopped at a piece of wood. Then the tool slipped, his eye was pierced, and Louis became blind.

It must have been a sad day for the parents when they realized that their boy would never see again. But, if they had been able to look ahead, they might have found some comfort in the thought that this terrible accident, which plunged their child into lifelong darkness, would be the means of giving light to generations of blind people.

Louis was sent the to the School for the Blind in Paris, and there he appears to have worked cheerfully and well. He became a brilliant scholar and a splendid musician. But all his spare time was devoted to the task of finding a system by which the blind could read and write. Year after year he went on with his search, and at last, in 1829, his toil was rewarded.

First of all he set down six dots in the manner of the six dots on a domino. By removing one or more of these, he found that he could make 63 combinations, enough to give him all the letters of an alphabet, besides necessary stops, signs, and contractions. He applied the same system to music, with equally successful results, and it is by means of such dots that blind musicians are able to read music.—Children's Newspaper.

What Are We Fighting For?

By Rt. Rev. Geoffrey Fisher

Bishop of London.

IN these days, mankind is threatened as never before. The whole weight of its defence rests upon this country and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

There are many among us who ask no better fate than this—only to fight for the spirit of man that lives among us. The battle for freedom never ceases and never fails.

But it is not only the love of freedom which makes the British people themselves, which fills them with confidence. We have already been through long and testing periods of waiting.

We have had to stand one shock after another as neutral countries and trusted allies have fallen before the German onslaught, yet it is entirely true that we are more resolute, more ready to bear all sacrifices, we are more quietly and humbly confident now than when the war started, and ever more and more ready for fresh assault and fresh sacrifice.

We have but one mind, dogged and determined to see this thing through to victory.

Human Freedom

HUMAN freedom means more to us than it did to the Greeks because of the revelation of God given by Jesus Christ and because of the fruits which it has borne.

We have seen one country after another deprived by Hitler of justice, of mercy, of free speech, free conscience and free Christian living.

We have seen more clearly the true worth of these things. Such things are not British made, though we have contributed to their propagation. They are not man-made, though man cannot be truly man without them.

They have their source, their sanction and their strength in God.

It matters to God, before it matters to us, that men shall be free of will and of conscience, that they shall respect one another as equals in His sight, that law and truth and loving kindness should abide in the world.

Fighting for Life

WHEN Hitler demands living room, he means, as his acts declare, that Germany shall be the managing director of a European mortuary in which God's law and man's liberty are dead. We are fighting for life, the world's life as well as our own and God is the Lord and Giver of life. . .

This is a war between religion and godlessness. In a world so closely knit as ours, there can be only one general pattern of civilization.

This is a war to decide for generations to come whether here, in Europe, in the Far East or in the New World, civilization shall look for its guiding principles, its ideals, its inspiration to God or to a group which denies God and enslaves man. That is why we are humble. That is why we are confident.

Arraigns Hitler

THERE is more in Hitler than Hitler himself. He is in some degree the expression of all the malice abroad in our world, its loss of direction, its loss of soul, its sense of impotence, its unmeant but too little regarded insults to the dignity of man, its man worship and mammon worship, its devil worship. All these contributed to create Hitler.

Not only must Nazism be defeated, it must be degraded, and with it all that gave birth to it. Nations must no longer believe in power politics. Nations must no longer believe in any system which denies the true worth and brotherhood of man, or which subjects him, as a slave or a victim, to any form of exploitation or to the impersonal domination of any industrial, economic or bureaucratic machinery.

Positively, the new order, whatever form it may take, must unite in one widely accepted purpose of service, national interest with international comity, the reward of personal initiative with the communal good, individual rights with social responsibilities, the claims of Caesar and the claims of God.

Such an order cannot come by mere goodwill, but only by an impulse of faith and hopeful creation, in multitudes of people, strong and hopeful, seeking and responding to the creative will of God.

Not Yet Ready

I DO not say we are yet ready for such a venture. But in this country an increasing number of people are looking toward it, and it is a real sign of our confidence that in the midst of the struggle so many are thinking, not only of the freedom of life and religion which we are striving to preserve, but also of the principles of hopeful creation to which we are looking forward.

We have the will to win, set in the hope of leading free nations to the task of creating this new order.

And we look to you to prepare yourselves for the creative task, to be ready to take up the reconstruction task and to join with us in doing it or, if we be too exhausted by our life and death struggle, then to take it up from our hands.

The World's Future

"THIS is a war to decide for generations to come whether in England, in Europe, in the Far East or in the New World civilization shall look for its guiding principles, its ideals, its inspiration to God or to a group which denies God and enslaves men. That is why we are humble. That is why we are confident."

Swiss Youth Called to High National Service

THE Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army, General, Guisan, has addressed the following appeal to Swiss Youth:

To the youth of the country! "Among the scourges that humanity has invented for her own destruction some are brutal: war, invasion. There are others which insinuate themselves craftily under the appearance of pleasure and which, once installed, exert ravages all the more dangerous, that their cause is more difficult to extirpate. Alcoholism is one of these.

"The defence of the country will be incomplete unless we put our youth on guard against all abuse of strong drink. A people which allows alcoholism to penetrate into its midst attacks its own substance and undermines its own vital force.

"Young Swiss! sobriety is for you a national duty no less than a matter of personal dignity. It is you who will put your stamp on our country of tomorrow, it is you who will have to maintain her indepedence. Strive, therefore, to preserve all your energies for her service. It is an affair of honor and of self-discipline."—Alliance News

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"Are Milk-Bars wise?"
"Yes, brothers, sure!"
"Let's boost the Farmer—
And bust the brewer."

—The Clarion Call.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

AUGUST 30, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Come unto Me, all ye that labor. —Matt. 11:28

Mon. : Six days thou shalt labor and do all thy work.—Ex. 20:9

Tue. : Every man should enjoy the good of all his labor, it is the gift of God. Eccl. 3:13

Wed. : In all labor there is profit.—Prov. 14:23

Thu. : Labor not for the meat which perisheth.—John 6:27

Fri. : Wherefore do ye spend . . . labor for that which satisfieth not?—Isa. 55:2

Sat. : Your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—I Cor. 15:58

God is not an abstraction. He is a living Spirit.

Use the gifts you have and they will be enlarged; practise what you know, and you shall attain higher knowledge. —Arnold.

A hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats:
Chambers of the great are jails,
And headwinds right for royal sails.
—Emerson.

Let not the conceit of intellect hinder thee from worshipping mystery.—Tupper.

CHRISTIAN PROGRESS IN LABOR MOVEMENT

GEORGE M. HARRISON, Grand President of an American Railway Labor Executives' Association struck a note of Christian progress in a letter written in April and read by 1,250,000 workers.

Mr. Harrison said:

"One of the most baffling questions before this Nation today is how to break the vicious circle of bitterness that commonly enters all negotiations between groups having conflicting interests. Our greatest need is for the rise of a new spirit. . . .

For that change Labor has a joint responsibility with all other groups of citizens, and we are convinced that the time has come to face it squarely. . . .

Accordingly we pledge ourselves to help Labor find its place of moral leadership in American life and set a pattern of co-operation within its own ranks."

"In Christ there is no East or West,
In Him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love
Throughout the whole round earth."

BROTHERHOOD

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver, for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted;
Never was one said in vain.
—Selected.

Prayer

"Merciful Father, fill our hearts with Thy Holy Spirit. Teach us to love Thee, our neighbor, those who hate us, and those who despitefully use us, that we may be the children of our Father who maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, who sendeth rain on the just and unjust. Amen."

He that lives most in prayer, grows most in grace.—C. H. Spurgeon.

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTION TO HUMANITY

"Labor . . . can make such a contribution to world conditions that the voice of faction and self-interest can be effectively dealt with, fear will go, and God's great plan for mankind will be revealed and find expression." From a manifesto signed by leaders of British Labor and quoted in a prominent Labor paper on the West Coast of the U.S.A.

Varieties of Thoughts on Labor

Get leave to work in this world,—
'tis the best you get at all.

* * *

Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labor done.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

* * *

Never say die!
Up, man, and try!

* * *

Never shirk
The hardest work.
—Old Proverb.

* * *

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness, He has a work, a life purpose.

* * *

Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal.—Thomas Carlyle.

* * *

"When God's Will and plan for industry becomes the dominant motive, the result is honest and unselfish service to provide for human needs." —An American Business Man.

Spirituality is a twofold process; first, a reaching in of God's Being and Will into us, and secondly, a reaching out of all the talents and powers to their full use in life.

What I mean by human brotherhood is that each of us at the Last Judgment must bear not only his private sins, but the sins of the society we live in and are part of and put up with.—T. S. Eliot.

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—Emerson.

The greatest thought that ever came into my mind is my individual responsibility to God.—Daniel Webster.

Young People's Bible Reading

"Come Let Us Sing"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
Sept. 8, 1940.
Psalm 96.

IT is natural for one who has found great joy to want to share it with others. We find the Psalmists when they have experienced personal and national blessings and deliverances are not satisfied to give thanks themselves but feel compelled to call on others to join in the song of thanksgiving.

So very frequently in the Psalms we come across such phrases as "O come let us sing unto the Lord," "O give thanks unto the Lord." "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

Psalms 95 to 100 all sound this glad note. They read like the several parts of one great Festal Anthem. Note the structure of this grand Oratorio. First (95:1, 2) there is the call to come and join in praising God; then (3, 4, 5) reasons are given that men should praise Him. This arrangement is carried out generally throughout this group of Psalms.

We can think of these Psalms being sung responsively, one part of the Temple Choir chanting the "O come, let us sing" verses and then the chorus and all the people with the instrumental music swelling out in answer "For the Lord is great . . . For He is our God . . . For He cometh to judge the earth."

"A New Song"

OUR special study today is Psalm 96. "The tone of the Psalm is closely akin to that of Isa. 40-66 and was in all likelihood inspired by the deliverance from exile." (Dummelow)

A new song.—Israel had experienced new mercies from God. They had been delivered from exile. They had been given a new vision of God and His providence. So they are called to sing " a new song." (Isa. 42:10) Those delivered out of "the great tribulation" (Rev. 5:9, 14:3) sing "a new song" to God.

The song of the Psalmist is also new because "all the earth" is called to join in it.

> Declare His glory among the nations,
> His marvellous works among all the peoples.
>
> (R.V.)

For heathen read "nations" v. 3, 10. For people read "peoples" v. 3, 7, 10, 13.

It was beginning to dawn upon the mind of Israel that God had called them not for their own sake, but that they should bring blessing to the world. (Isa. 42:1, 6; 49:6, 22; 60:3, 5; 62:2; 66:12, 19)

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God:
But children of the heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

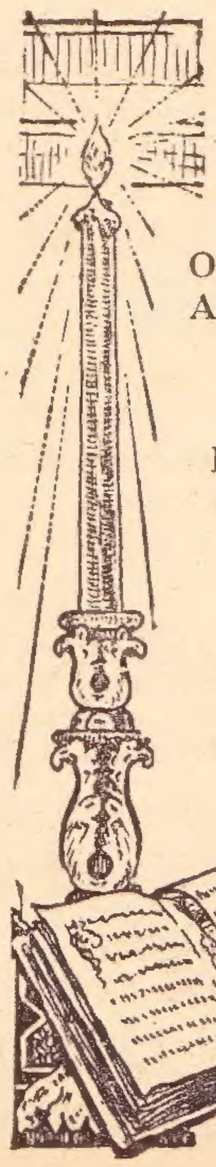
—*Isaac Watts* (1674-1748)

His Name.—His character. God Himself in His full Personality.

From day to day.—

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads up another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

God's blessings are new every morning and fresh every evening. As "one day telleth another" (Psa. 19:2) so we should "show forth His salvation from day to day."



Memory Verse

O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together.

—Psalm 34:3

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From Sept. 2 to Sept. 8.

Mon.—Ps. 96:1-13
Tue.—Isa. 2:1-5
Wed.—Rom. 16:1-10
Thu.—Acts 10:1-6
Fri.—Acts 16:12-18
Sat.—John 4:19-29
Sun.—Ps. 122:1-9

Some days may be happy and some be sad, but His promise is "Lo, I am with you all the days." (Matt. 28:20. R.V. Marg.)

Indeed it is often in days that seem most gloomy and threatening that God most wonderfully reveals His Presence and His Providence. It is often in such days that men learn "a new song." We find this right through the Bible. (See Psalm 33:3; 40:3)

Above all gods.—There is only one God, but people have made many gods. The god of force, the god of money, the god of pleasure, the god of self and many others that have been put in place of God.

Idols.—Literally "nothings." These "gods" that so many people serve have no reality. Their service gives no lasting satisfaction. In the day of crisis they fail their worshippers.

The Lord made the heavens.—This lovely sky that He has stretched out above us. He made it. He sustains it. Then surely we should trust in Him and not in "idols."

"Strength and Beauty"

HIS sanctuary. . . . His courts.—The Psalmist was thinking of the Temple that they had just rebuilt, the centre of Israel's worship. We often, quite correctly, use the terms in reference to our churches. The church is given to us as a "holy place" so that all our lives may become holy.

Strength and beauty.—These qualities are combined in a noble church building. Think of the wonderful cathedrals in Britain and in Europe. They are beautiful and they are strong for they have stood for many hundreds of years.

St. Paul says, "Ye are the temple of God." (1 Cor. 3:16; 6:19, 20; 2 Cor. 6:16) A boy whom I know was neglecting his health. His mother said, "Remember, son, your body is a Temple."

St. Paul likens the Church,—"the blessed company of all faithful people,—to "a holy temple in the Lord." (Eph. 2:20-22) Here again "strength and beauty" are required, strength in such qualities as courage, truth and honesty, beauty in such things as cheerfulness, kindness and courtesy. If our church life were marked by these qualities what an effect it would have on the world!

"Strength and beauty" constitute physical perfection. They are the two

(Please turn to Page 8.)

"Will Get Him in the End"

THE New York Times quotes Dr. Oliver Lohr, Michigan pathologist, in an address before the American College of Surgeons' recent convention in Toronto: "More people are drinking themselves to death than ever. So-called good liquor now sold legally is killing more people than 'bootleg booze' taken during prohibition.

"Beer is more damaging to health than other alcohols . . . If a man who drinks three quarts of beer a day thinks this is causing him no harm, he does not know his own body. It will get him in the end."

"O COME LET US SING"

(Continued from Page 7.)

great elements of the well-balanced mind and character. It was said of a great Pastor that "he taught the boys to be gentle and the girls to be strong."

Bring an offering.—I saw a picture the other day of a little church in the far North-West. The men of the neighborhood,—regardless of their religious denomination, — had contributed the wood and stone and given their labor to build it. The women had helped to make the inside beautiful. The whole church was "an offering."

We should consider our contribution to the support of the church as "an offering," an act of worship.

But an offering is of little value unless it means that the worshipper gives himself to God with all that he is and all that he possesses. This was one idea in the Jewish sacrifices.

"And here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable holy and living sacrifice unto Thee." (From Prayer at Holy Communion)

The beauty of holiness.—"Holy array." (R.M.) As the Psalmist has been singing of the Temple probably he is here referring to the beautiful vestments of Jewish priests or the festal garments of the people. They symbolized a consecrated, holy life. Did you ever think there is this significance in our "Sunday clothes"?

Ecclesiasticus (Apocrypha) says of the High Priest Simon. "He put on the robe of honor, and was clothed with the perfection of glory,—he went up to the holy altar, he made the garment of holiness honorable."

Whatever may have been in the mind of the Psalmist we know there is a "beauty of holiness," a fitness of spirit in which we should worship God.

"The Lord Reigneth"

The Lord reigneth.—This is our message not only to the heathen but to the "nations." (R.V.) We must say it not only with our lips but in our lives. "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven." We say it when we oppose injustice, oppression and cruelty in our own nation and among the nations of the world. The phrase comes again and again in the Psalms. (47:8; 93:1; 97:1; 99:1; 146:10)

It is the triumphant shout of the "great multitude." (Rev. 19:6) "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The world . . . shall not be moved.—That is our assurance. Oppressors may seem to be very strong. "But where is the fury of the oppressor?" (Isa. 51:12, 13) The oppressor passes, God's world remains. It is for us to stand bravely for right and truth, for that is the side of God and He will conquer in the end.

THE HELPER'S ROAD

Do we fare forth in the morning,
Where the human currents flow,
To be Helpers on Life's Pathway,
Where the burdened people go?

Do we lift on others' burdens?
Do we have a shining face?
Are we patient, kind, untiring,
As we run the daily race?

What are thorns, and what are briers,
Where the Master's footprints show?
What are trials, losses, sorrows,
When the Master's love we know?

Burdens great will lighten, vanish,
As we lift another's load;
Earth seem anteroom of Heaven
If we walk the Helper's Road.

—Selected.

He shall judge the peoples righteously.—Literally "in uprighteousness." Every day is a "Judgment Day." God is judging the peoples today and His judgment will be "in uprightness."

Let the heavens rejoice. — Look at the lovely picture in these verses. The sky, the earth, the sea, the fields, the trees are all called on to rejoice. Can we not see them and hear them?

And the reason of their gladness is because "the Lord . . . cometh to judge the earth."

"God's judgment is welcomed and not feared, for it means the deliverance of His people and the overthrow of their enemies." (Dummelow)

The judgment of which the Psalmist spoke was the overthrow of oppressing nations and the deliverance of the oppressed. Look up Isaiah 14:1-23. It dates with the "Second Isaiah," (chaps. 40-66) So sure is Isaiah of this judgment and restoration that he uses the "prophetic perfect" in speaking, as if they were already accomplished.

Like so much of the Bible Isaiah's words and those of the Psalmist are "for all time." They were never more applicable than at the present day.

Righteousness . . . truth.—These are the standards in which God judges the world. But if we want God's blessing we must see to it that righteousness and truth rule in our own lives. How can we fight injustice and falsehood abroad if we allow them as a "fifth column" within our own hearts?

"Let us exalt His Name"

OUR memory verse is another call to join in praise to God. Here it is for personal blessings. Read the whole Psalm. There is a human throb through its verses which will make you love it, as it is loved by every reader of the Bible.

Theodore, the young soldier-martyr (306 A.D.) nerved himself to endure by singing "I will bless the Lord at all times." St. Columba on the last day of his life was transcribing the Psalter. He wrote to the end of v. 10. "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." His friend and disciple, Baithen continued from v. 11. "Come ye children . . . I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

An old lady whom I knew was specially fond of v. 6. She said that one could point to so many poor men whom the Lord had saved "out of all their troubles."

The Psalm is attributed to David "when he changed his behavior before Abimelech." It doesn't fit in with the incident very well. But the author, whether he was David or another was one who had passed through many experiences, both of sorrow and of joy. And he finds that through God's help the joy far outweighs the sorrow. Looking abroad he sees God helping all those who turn to Him and trust in Him. So he calls on his friends,

O magnify the Lord with me
And let us exalt His name together.

Questions

1. O sing unto the Lord.—Complete the verse.
2. Why were they to sing "a new song"?
3. What does the word "idols" mean?
4. Name "idols" sometimes worshipped in lands that are supposed to be Christian.
5. What phrase used very frequently in the Psalms appears also in the Revelation of St. John?
6. Why were the heavens and earth called to rejoice.
7. What "judgment" had the Psalmist in mind?
8. O magnify the Lord with me.—Complete the verse.

"Not Much of a Dog?"

By "Yarn Spinner"

For the Messenger

HE certainly was not much of a dog to look at. His coat was unkempt and plastered with mud, one ear was torn, he limped badly. He was a nondescript dog. When Tony Mantelli got to know him better he used to say that he thought he was half bulldog and half fox terrier—with a dash of collie and of greyhound thrown in. But he had fine eyes, large, liquid and brown. When Tony spoke to him the eyes beamed out like the sun coming from behind a cloud and his tail wagged with fervor.

"I wonder does he belong to anyone?" said Tony to "Dutch Pete."

"I wouldn't think so by his looks," answered Pete. "What about asking Joe Dubois if he knows?"

Dubois was the station agent. St. Peter's troop was camped in the mountains about six miles above the village of Bruceville.

The boys had come down to the village expecting to meet A.S.M. Manley, who had not been able to come up with the troop, as his shop was very busy with war work, but who had hoped to get up for the week end.

Joe held up a telegram as the boys entered the station.

"Too bad," he said. "I got this wire a couple of hours ago from Mr. Manley. He couldn't get away. He may be up by the late train tonight."

The boys were disappointed. They asked Joe if he knew anything about the dog. He answered "No." He had seen him wandering round the village the last few days, but was sure he had no owner. The boys were glad. They decided to bring him up to camp for a mascot. "Bruce" as they had already named their canine friend, seemed delighted.

* * *

FIRST, however, they went to the butcher's and bought a piece of meat for him. Then to the drug-store for ointment for his sore ear. At the same time they bought some soap and a comb intending to give him a wash in the river. A tall, sunburned pleasant-looking man was talking to Fred Williams of the drug-store. He smiled at the excitement of the boys over the dog.

He seemed to know a good deal about animals. He brought them all into the hotel where he persuaded the man-of-all-work to get a tub of warm water. The three gave Bruce a bath from which he emerged a much better-looking dog.

The stranger had introduced himself as Frank Harper from Ottawa. He and the boys,—and Bruce,—immediately became fast friends.

"Glad to have met you Scouts," Frank said. "I learned a lot in the Scouts when I was a boy. Perhaps I'll go up and see your camp tomorrow. I see," he continued smilingly, "that you don't forget the sixth Scout law, 'A SCOUT IS A FRIEND TO ANIMALS.'"

He walked with the boys a bit of the way up the road.

"By the way," he said, "I believe that two friends of mine are camping up somewhere in this neighborhood. Bert White is a tall, fair fellow, with a scar over his left eye. He got it in the last war. Ed. Brown is small and red-haired. He wears a short red beard. If you see them anywhere, you might let me know. Don't tell them you saw me. I want to give them a surprise."

HE looked up at the sky.

"Say, chaps, I'm afraid you'll have a downpour before you get back to camp. Hadn't you better stay down here till evening?"

The boys said No. They thought they had better be getting back to camp. They breasted the hilly road whistling. Bruce trotted along, making occasional incursions into the bush after a rabbit or a bird, but generally keeping close to his new masters.

As the three turned from the highway into the camp road, they became aware of a sudden change in the weather. The sky had become overcast. Mont St. Michel on the opposite side of the valley was wreathed in mist and there was a distant growl of thunder. Suddenly the storm had leaped the valley. The wind howled like a million wolves. Crack! A tall tree standing alone on the hillside was riven by lightning. The other trees tossed and wrestled with the wind.

The rain came down heavily. The boys were drenched in spite of their rain-coats and poor Bruce, all his liveliness gone, trotted miserably at their heels.

Now they were in the centre of the storm. The lightning came in blinding flashes, the thunder was deafening, the rain came down as it were in a solid mass, the road became a mountain torrent.

Just here through the curtain of the rain they recognized the end of a trail which they understood led to an unoccupied summer cottage. Perhaps they might get shelter on the covered veranda. As they approached the cottage they saw to their relief that the door was swinging open on its hinges.

In a corner of the veranda lay a tent. the same thought struck the boys and the dog. Why not crawl under the canvas and rest till the storm was over? No sooner thought than done. Under the folds of the tent it was almost cosy. The boys divested themselves of their wet shoes and stockings and cuddled up together to the accompaniment of the muttering of the thunder, the whistling of the wind and the drumming of the rain on the verandah roof.

* * *

THEY must have dropped asleep for the next thing they knew was a step on the stair and a murmur of voices. It was pitch dark. Peeping out from their canvas blanket they saw the beam of a torch playing over the veranda-floor.

Bruce gave a low growl, but Tony checked him with a whispered word. There were two men, evidently about to open the cottage.

The beam of the torch shone for a moment on the face of the man who was working at the lock. "A tall fair fellow with a scar over his left eye." They could not see the man who held the torch distinctly, but they made out that he was shorter and that he wore a beard.

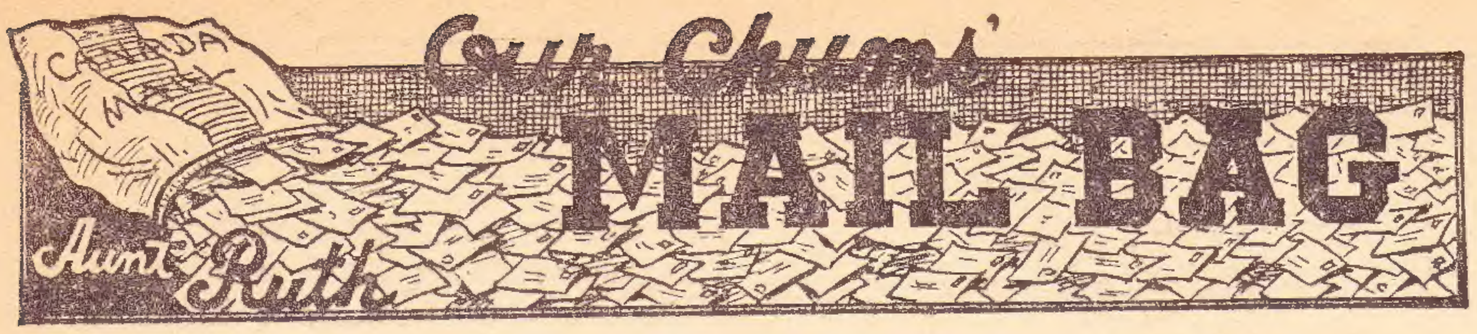
Frank's words flashed into the minds of both the boys. These were Frank's "friends." Tony and Pete were about to address them, but some instinct held them back. A moment after they were glad of their caution, for the men were talking together and the words they spoke were not English. Pete whispered to Tony, *"German!"*

Frank? Surely he wasn't concerned in any conspiracy! Then the boys remembered an odd note in his voice as he spoke of his "friends" and of the "surprise" he hoped to give them.

The men by this time had entered the house. Pete whispered to Tony, "I'll go back and tell Frank. You stay here and see if they leave the house! Keep Bruce with you!"

He pulled on his wet shoes and stockings, then, slipping from under the canvas he crept under the veranda railings and dropped into the garden. The storm was over, but every tree

(Please turn to Page 11.)



DEAR CHUMS,—

Last week I promised to give you a subject on which to write letters for our next contest. The subject is:

"WHY IS MY COUNTRY AT WAR?"

We have been thinking about serving our country and what we can each do to help. Since I wrote to you last week the thought has come to me that we cannot give our best service in this war unless we know for sure why we don't want the enemy to conquer the Briish Empire, including our own beloved land. In other words,—

What are we fighting for—why IS *our country at war?*

I am not going to help you much with suggestions. Each person must think this out and write their own thoughts. A great many fine speeches are being broadcast on this subject and you will learn a great deal by listening to them. You may quote one or two sentences from a speech or article you have read, but if you do that, try if possible to tell where you got the idea and who said it originally. If you quote people's exact words, don't forget to use quotation marks. However, I would much prefer that you put the thought in your own words. Now the war is not waiting for you to do some leisurely thinking. So get busy and share your thoughts with the chums at once.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth:—I have been an interested reader of your page, and although I am not a club member I did want to try to win a Maple Leaf badge. I have at last written my story on "What Dominion Day Means to Me," hoping it is satisfactory enough to win a badge, which I will be proud to wear. I live on a farm and after our hired man enlisted we have been very busy. In Sept. I will be 15 yrs. old and in 4th form high school.

* * *

I like to think of Canada as a person, who has a birthday every year. She becomes wiser as she grows older, and through experience she gains her wealth. Her life is the same as a human being's life. Just as we traverse the path of life, finding many pit-falls as well as level land, Canada has her fortunes and troubles.

When our pioneer forefathers came to settle this wild wilderness, how little they must have dreamed of its actual future.

They perhaps did not realize how much they were preparing a country for a new life of happiness, culture and freedom. The Youth of Canada to-day take so many of their luxuries for granted. We should try to appreciate the growth of our country more greatly, and remember the trials which our ancesters endured, for the sake of freedom.

What Dominion Day meant to me was that Canada had completed another year of sucessful achievement. Her leaders are carrying on the work that was started on July 1st, 1867, and will continue to do so in the years to follow. Let us help them in their great work now, so that we may be able to continue it in the future.

We should all feel grateful for the past services rendered to us by former Canadian citizens. Now, during this year of trial, when our democracy is threatened by dictatorship, we must fight for our cause, in order that we can pass on our vision, to future generations.. Let us struggle, so that in the years to come, young people can respect us and be inspired by us as we are by our ancestors.

* * *

IN order that we can show our appreciation we must help the Sunday School and the church. We should not shrink from our duty, but accept positions that we are asked to fill in the Sunday School.

When we are young, is the time to build up our characters, and then, when we are older, we can be of more service to our native country.

Thinking of Canada's past history as part of the British Empire, we should all feel a thrill when we sing any patriotic song. When we next sing "O Canada" or "The Maple Leaf Forever," let us try to feel the responsibility that we hold as Canadian citizens, and live to our best ability, to fulfil the dream that the Fathers of Confederation visioned on July 1st 1867.

These are all my thoughts, Aunt Ruth, and I give you my word of honor that I wrote them myself. I do hope that I will be a successful writer, but, if not, I'll have to try harder the next time that you have a contest. I will close now, wishing you and the chums good luck. Sincerely,—Elizabeth Humphrey, Ont.

Ans.—Elizabeth got her badge in recognition of the above letter, with a few slight editorial changes. We hope nothing will prevent her from joining with us in the next contest when we will all try to beat our first records.—A. R.

* *

This Month's Prize Winner

EDNA MACINTOSH

Honorable Mention

RONALD LEWIS
MARGARET COLLINS

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

ELIZABETH HUMPHREY

* *

The Sea Gull

MARY WILDER PEASE

He knows the ways of winds and ship
The pools where fishes hide;
The place to build his scanty nest
Above the rising tide.

He knows the strength of his two wings,
More beautiful by far
Than any sail our eyes can trace
Beyond the harbor bar.

He knows that he can ride a wave
And on its silvery crest
Remain secure as lark or wren
Upon a feathered nest.

He knows that for his daily food
He has a debt to pay,
And so with thousands of his kin
He tidies up the bay.

—Our Dumb Animals.

Farmer (on phone to police): "A blue motor-car passed here, killed a cow, containing four gentlemen and two hounds, one of which was a sailor with no licence."

NOT MUCH OF A DOG?

(Continued from Page 9.)

was streaming water. The air had that delightful clean feeling that you find after a storm.

The road, when Pete reached it, felt like a sponge under his feet. The moon was breaking through the clouds so he had no difficulty in finding his way.

* * *

ONE of the best ways of covering the ground for any distance is by "Scout's Pace." Say 20 paces at a "jog-trot" alternating with 20 paces at a fairly quick walk. On ordinary roads you do a mile in 12 minutes this way.

Even allowing for difficulties he should do the four miles to Bruceville in less than an hour. There is a stream near where the camp road runs into the highway. It is spanned by a rough bridge of heavy planks. A clump of bush by the stream casts a heavy shadow, so that Pete could not see that one of the planks had been shifted by the storm. His foot went down, there was a wrench at his ankle and he was thrown sideways into the gulley. His head struck one of the abutments of the bridge, sparks seemed to dance before his eyes. Then all was darkness.

* * *

WE left Tony—and Bruce—"under canvas." There was no more sleep for Tony. He knew he was "on guard." He put on his shoes and stockings in case he had to leave suddenly.

Sitting there curled up with Bruce at his feet he listened to the voices of the woods. The "Hush! Hush!" of the wind through the trees, the "Peep! Peep" of a bird disturbed in its sleep, the hoot of an owl, the shrill chorus of frogs with the occasional "Grump! Grump! Grump!" of a bullfrog, and from away across the lake the weird call of a loon.

The sound of footsteps broke in on his meditations. Men were approaching. At first he hoped that it was Pete returning with Frank and was surprised that they should have arrived so soon. Again there was a low growl from Bruce and again it was checked at a word from Tony.

The men ascended the steps. There were four of them. One knocked at the door in a peculiar manner. After a pause and an exchange of muttered words they were admitted.

* * *

A GREAT desire came to Tony to find out what the six men were doing. No gleam of light appeared from the door or windows on his side of the veranda. Cautiously rising to his feet, followed by Bruce, he crept around to the other side.

The moon rode high in the heavens and was reflected perfectly in the still water of the lake which lay at the foot of the hill. All around was the blackness of the trees.

But Tony had no time just then for the beauties of nature. A light gleamed from the upper part of one of the windows. The lower shutters were closed. Tony looked round. Some chairs stood on the veranda. Two piled the one on the other, offered a rickety observation post. Tony mounted it and could just see into the room. The six men sat round a table on which they had spread a large map. The man with the scar was pointing out something. The little red-bearded man asked a question and then at the answer nodded his head with a "Ja! Ja!" They all laughed.

Tony leaned forward to see better. His pedestal rocked. He tried to recover himself, but too late. There was a yelp from Bruce, who had been on guard at the base, and boy and chairs and dog were in a heap on the veranda floor.

(To Be Continued.)

"One may be so busy with trifles as to have no time for work."

COMING TO MY HOUSE

IF ever you come to my house
Leave there your hate and fear.
You will find a box outside the door,
(As you are passing near)
Put in your cynical wisdom,
Your cunning and your guile,
You may come in with grief or sin,
Or with an honest smile.

If ever you enter my house
(Don't pass, but step inside),
You will find a hook behind the door.
Hang there your cloak of pride.
And your mantle of self-righteousness,
You will not need them here,
For the heart is warm against the storm
And aglow with friendly cheer.

Take off the mask of your pretence
And put it on the shelf,
And, good or bad, or merry or sad,
Be your genuine self.
You need not feign a ghastly mirth
If you have cause to weep,
Or hide your shame, or tell your name,
Or talk if you would sleep.

And when you go from my house
(Yours as much as mine),
Where all is frank and friendly
And nothing grand or fine,
After an hour's rare luxury
Of being your simple self,
You will leave your pride, forgot, inside,
And your mask upon the shelf.

—Selected.

Gertie's Day's Work

"HERE is a card to work by to-morrow."

That was what Gertie's cousin Harry said as he opened the gate for her to pass in.

Gertie said, "Thank you," and seized on the card gratefully. It had a picture of two hands clasped as if in prayer, and printed on them the words:

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

"How lovely!" said Gertie, and she thought about them much that evening; and her card was almost her first morning thought.

"I mean to try," she said; "I mean to work for Jesus all this day, with my hands. There are many things to do. I have that invitation card to carry around, asking the people to come to a meeting tomorrow, and this afternoon is the Junior Sewing Circle, and we sew for the children in Alaska; that is all work for Jesus; and I can print that hymn for Daddy with my stencils—more work for Jesus. How queer that almost everything I have to do today is to be done with my hands!"

* * *

LET me tell you something that seemed very strange. Gertie did not do a single thing that she had planned that day. To begin with, the maid was sick and she had to help with the dishes, and then to pare the potatoes for dinner, and then to dust the parlor, and in the afternoon when she was getting ready for her Sewing Circle, her mother called: "Gertie, dear, I am sorry, but I find you will have to stay with little Ned this afternoon; Mrs. Barnes is not so well, and they have sent for me."

Gertie answered not a word, but turned slowly away and began to take off her new blue dress. In her heart she wondered why Aunt Mary could not take care of little Ned, just for once; but she really wanted to do right, even if her own plans were spoiled, so she came downstairs in a short time, in an everyday dress and a pleasant face, and gave herself up to little Ned.

Little Ned had ideas of his own, and had not yet learned to give up any of them. All that afternoon he kept her busy. His boy doll had to be dressed in a green suit, and a red suit, and a sailor suit. His wooden horse had to have a leg mended with glue, and then his picture drawn on a slate by Gertie's patient fingers. The last bright thought was to build a wall with Gertie's doubled-up fist, then his own clumsy one, then another of Gertie's, and each to pull out one in turn, clapping it back again, of course, making a tumbling ruin built up all the time by magic.

THIS was fun, and little Ned shouted and commanded, and was happy. Gertie, patiently putting back the hands and pulling them out again, thought sorrowfully of her card.

She had asked God to take ner hands that day, and then had had no time to work for Him. It was rather hard, but she could not help it, and must wait for another day and try again. So when Ned wearied of the hand play, she dragged the little girl dolly toward her, and dressed her in purple and gold, for a queen, and kept the baby good and happy until the shadows began to fall, and her mother came home.

That evening as she sat in the parlor studying her Sunday School lesson for the morrow, she heard something that astonished her. "That child," said Aunt Mary, "has just amazed me. She was tellnig me this morning of her plans, and they have just been upset all day long. That little Ned kept her tongue and her hands busy all the afternoon, and her tongue was kind, and her hands patient the whole time.

"She wanted to go to the Sewing Circle, too, but she was perfectly good-natured. I wanted to read Roe's last book, but I finally put it away and finished that dress for the box for Alaska that I promised months ago. I didn't think I should ever finish it, but, thanks to Gertie, I have. Is she always unselfish and patient like this?"

Gertie did not hear her mother's answer but her heart was singing a song of gratitude to Jesus for the work that He had helped her to do with her hands that day.—Sel.

SHADOWS!

There's something lying on my bed—
There's something black, my cover's white!
I've never seen it there by day;
I've only seen it there to-night.

It's something, an' it moves with me!
I move my hand, I've moved the moon;
I've moved the Shadows—I'm in bed!
The moon has gone behind a tree! —Sel.

A Scotsman from the remote Highlands paid his first visit to London. On arriving at King's Cross a voice immediately said, "Taxi, sir?" He shook his head. After exploring London he went on to Brighton, where, on emerging from the station, he was again hailed with, "Taxi, sir?" Then he became annoyed. "No, thank you," he bawled. "I said 'No' i' Lunnon, an' I meant it. Now stop following me about!"

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. Psalm 96:1.
2. They had learned many new things about God. They had learned that they were called to bring God's blessing to the Gentiles.
3. "Nothings."
4. Force, money, pleasure, self. Anything that people put in place of God.
5. "The Lord reigneth."
6. Because God was "coming to judge the earth."
7. The overthrow of oppressing nations and the deliverance of the oppressed.
8. Psalm 34:3.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

"GETTING THERE"

EACH player in turn goes from one end of the room or play-space to the other and back again. No way of "getting there" must be used more than once.

There are numberless ways of "getting there", walking, running, skipping, hopping, pretending to swim, to kick a ball, etc. etc.

There will be more fun if you divide into teams but each player must have his special way of "getting there."

RIDDLES CONTRIBUTED BY CHUMS

1. Why didn't Sweden send her cattle abroad?
2. Who was the last one to come out of the Ark?—From Marion Malcolm, Que.

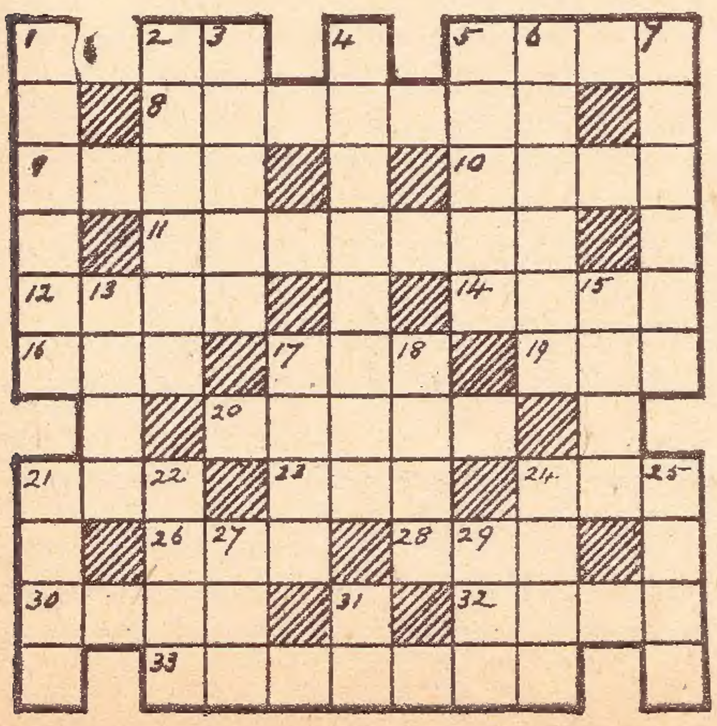
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Across

1. David's numbering of the people took —— months. 2 Sam. 24:8
5. Family stock. Isa. 11:1
8. Where the name "Christian" originated. Acts 11:26.
9. Where Joseph mourned for his father. Gen. 50:10
10. Helps.
11. First part of the day. Eccles. 11:6
12. The month in which the second Temple was finished. Ezra 6:15
14. Pronoun. Matt. 5:23
16. A domestic fowl. Matt. 23:37
17. Gain. Phil. 3:8
19. Sorrowful. Mark 10:22
20. Compare. Matt. 7:24
21. Extra. Num. 3:48
23. To stitch. Eccles. 3:7
24. Definite article. John 8:12
26. "That they may be —, as we are." John 17:11
28. To behold. Ex. 3:3
30. Cows. Gen. 41:2
32. Mature. Rev. 14:15
33. Jezebel's father. 1 Kings 16:31

Down

1. Sister of Tubal-Cain. Gen. 4:22
2. Captain of the host of Syria. 2 Kings 5:1
3. Where Saul consulted a witch. 1 Sam. 28:7
4. Brave as a lion. 1 Chron. 11:22
5. Short. Micah 6:10
6. Upper part of the legs. Dan. 2:32
7. Consciously lost. 1 Sam. 25:15
13. Inanimate. James 2:26
15. Cloven tongues "sat upon —— of them." Acts 2:3
17. "Be not — in thine own eyes." Prov. 3:7
18. Tidings. Prov. 25:25
21. Trees. Amos 2:9
22. Accomplished. Matt. 1:22
24. A deciduous tree. Isa. 6:13
25. Adam's first home. Gen. 2:8
27. An implement of Peter's trade. Luke 5:5
29. Epoch
31. Able-bodied seaman.



Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Rhyming Riddle—British Commonwealth of Nations.

Jumbled Countries—
1. China; 2. Japan; 3. Tibet; 4. Mongolia; 5. Siam; 6. Korea.

Tumbled Seas—1. North Sea. 2. Baltic. 3. Black Sea. 4. Adriatic. 5. Okhotsk. 6. China Sea.

Scrambled Cities—1. Moscow. 2. Berlin. 3. Delhi. 4. Kabul. 5. Geneva. 6. Brussels.

Gasps and Giggles

UP TO THE NECK

Bore—"I'm a born enthusiast. Whatever I undertake I throw myself into it wholeheartedly."

Listener—"I wish you'd undertake to dig a deep hole."

Keeper: "Hi! Hi! No fishin' here."

Boy: "Don't you believe it, mister; I've caught six already."

A young couple with a seven-year-old son moved from the city to the country. On the boy's first day at school the teacher asked him who made all the beautiful flowers and trees.

"I don't know," he answered. "I just moved here."

Attendant: "Do you wish to consult Fahmir Ashagad Dhu, the great Indian sooth-sayer?"

Woman: "Faith, yes, miss, if you please. Tell him his ould mother is here from Dublin."

Howlers

THE Chronicle of the Glasgow Academy records some "howlers" called forth by a General Knowledge paper set to its students. Here are some:

A hairspring is used in permanent waving.

Noah was the man who danced before the Ark.

The chief defect of Henry King was his wives.

Cubism is the religion of the people of Cuba.

Sal volatile is a motto, meaning "Be willing."

The *Mayflower* has some connection with the *Pilgrim's Progress* (by John Milton).

The *Victory* is the ship that Captain Trafalgar fought in the Battle of Waterloo.

The thumbscrew is "a kind of torcher use in time of John knock."

ART AMONGST THE INDIANS

WITH the word "Indian" we associate war, torture and bloodshed for we have been wrongfully taught that the Indians did nothing but fight with one another and with the whites. It is true they fought a great deal, but all of their fighting was for one purpose—an attempt to defend the land they had occupied for centuries against the invading whites.

But students of Indian life tell us that those original inhabitants of America were far more skilled in the finer arts such as oratory, dancing, painting and sculpturing, than they were in warfare.

The Indian was an excellent orator; in fact, he had to be. Every warrior had a say at the council fire held before war was declared or any other decision was arrived at. The warrior with the greatest power of persuasion was usually the one who was able to induce the tribe to follow his views and oratory had become highly developed because of that.

It may surprise you, also, to learn that Indian poets were common. Their poetry contains a deep appreciation of Nature and of the natural beauty that surrounded them. Singing and dancing had developed into a fine art, but their ideas of instrumental music were vague. Rattles, flutes and drums comprised their musical instruments. The examples of sculpture and painting that were produced by the early American natives also speak well for the Indian's culture.—F. Bodsworth.

APPLE JAM

Take six pounds of cooking apples of a sharp flavor, 6 lemons, 1 quart of water, a dozen cloves. To every pound of pulp allow 3-4 pound of sugar.

Wash the apples, then without peeling or coring cut them up and put in the preserving pan with the water. Take off the peel of four lemons, very thinly, taking care to use no white pith. Add the peel to the apples; also put in the cloves, and the juice from the whole six lemons. Bring to the boil and then cook till the apples are pulpy. Rub through a sieve. Now weigh the pulp obtained from this and measure the sugar. Put the pulp back in the pan, bring to the boil, add the heated sugar, stir till dissolved, then boil till a little sets when tested on a cold plate. If you like add a few drops of cochineal, which improves the color.

BOILED HONEY DRESSING

3 egg yolks, pinch of mustard, 1-4 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon honey, 1-4 cup pineapple juice, 1-4 cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter, 1-2 cup whipped cream.

Beat yolks with mustard, salt and honey. Add fruit juices and butter. Cook in top of double boiler until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Cool and fold in the whipped cream.

SEEDLESS BLACKBERRY AND APPLE JAM

Ingredients: To 4 pounds of blackberries allow 1 1-2 pounds of sharp apples, 1-2 pint of water, and when the pulp is obtained add an equal weight of heated preserving sugar.

Method: Put the blackberries in the preserving pan with a little water and extract the juice, then simmer till tender. Rub through a sieve to extract the seeds. Peel, core and slice up the apples, add the rest of the water to them and cook them till tender, then mash to a pulp. Add the sieved blackberries, stir well, weigh the pulp and allot sugar. Put the pulp into the pan, add the heated sugar, bring to the boil, stirring well, and simmer till a little sets when tested on a cold plate.

Although this jam is more trouble to make than ordinary blackberry jam it is worth the trouble as the flavor is delicious and it is seedless!

BAKED BEAN SALAD

Put into a salad bowl 3 1-2 cups of cold baked beans, add 4 sliced onions and mix well together, then add seasoning of salt, pepper, paprika, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 2 tablespoons of olive oil and 1 cup of vinegar and mix well again. Garnish with hard cooked eggs, cut in rings, and shredded lettuce.

BACK AT SCHOOL

LAURA GRAY

THERE was a stir down our street this September morning, a sort of breathlessness in voice and step, as boys and girls ran out from houses on both sides. Carefully washed and combed, with shining faces and most of them in new shoes, they walked—not with the abandon of holidays, but with new purposefulness. Happy, eager conversation showed that school, for them, was an enjoyable adventure—despite the popular idea that it is dreaded and disliked.

At the entrance of her front yard, young Mrs. Bently stood for a long time shading her eyes toward the school, as if loath to have her precious six-year-old out of her sight. She turned toward the house, then came back again and stopped a big boy, in a new brown suit, who was whistling joyous notes, "Jim, have an eye for my Tommy—won't you? School is new to him. Don't let anyone pick on him or bully him."

"Sure, I'll look out for Tommy, Mrs. Bently." Jim straightened, touched his brand new cap, then strode on—whistling.

More doors opened; little girls with fresh frocks and long bare legs, and eyes full of laughter, came out, joined others and flocked up the street.

Then the doors of the big, gray schoolhouse were closed, and the street was quiet—so quiet. Only a few lonely dogs were left, and they lay on the sidewalks, noses between paws, pointed toward the school, waiting hopefully for their playmates to come back.

What can we mothers do to help our children who have gone so eagerly to spend the best hours of the day in the big, gray school? Is there anything we can do? If mothers could be teachers for a while they would soon know that a pupil's success depends very much on the home from which he comes.

First we can help him physically. You have only to look into the face of a child to know whether he has had a full night's sleep, been properly bathed, and had an adequate breakfast—with plenty of time to eat it. If so, it will tend to make his eyes glisten, to make him alert, to give him a grip on life and a consciousness of his rightful place among his fellows. Remember, attending school is real work.

We can help the school child socially, too. Some boys and girls have a way with them that wins friends immediately; others like them, trust them. Almost at once they are chosen leaders in various activities. Other youngsters stand aloof—shy, timid, unhappy, perhaps even sullen. Why? The home should find out and bring about a reversal.

Clothes have a marked place in school life, just as they have in other kinds of society. Untidy, unclean, ill-fitting clothes give the school boy or girl an inferior place in his own estimation, as well as in that of teachers and schoolmates. Unusual apparel—clothes unlike those worn by the majority—mark a boy or girl as "queer". Youngsters do not often complain of these things, but they suffer much from self-consciousness.

Let us, as far as our means will permit—and it is usually not a question of means, but of understanding and care—enable the student to face the day, his teacher and his comrades, unconscious of his clothes. He will, if they are not noticeably unlike those of his mates.

You will want your child, also, to have a happy, genial outlook on life, with a readiness to help others. Consider that he can hardly do this, if he hears unfavorable remarks against school, teacher or pupils, at home. It will help him if we welcome—get to know—the friends he brings home, and it will help to keep him at home if we manage to have some place—shed, basement or garden—where "the gang" can and will come to play.

A quiet, warm, well-lighted place and a set time for study will be about all the help required of us with regard to the child's homework. And if we are alert, ready at all times to do for the child all that belongs to the home to do, it is not likely that we shall be disappointed with the results at school.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Labor's Gifts

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow.

—Frances S. Osgood.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, AUGUST 30, 1940.

COME TOGETHER FOR DEFENCE

THAT was an historic meeting between President Roosevelt and Mr. Mackenzie King in mid-August. The tremendous and far-reaching decision to form a joint defence pact between Canada and the United States was expressed in a document of little more than a hundred words, but it may prove one of the most important documents in history.

Two years ago President Roosevelt, speaking in Kingston, Ont., said that the United States could not stand idly by and see Canada attacked by another power. It is intended that this expression of good will shall become a definite agreement. But the agreement will not be a one-sided affair. Canada as a self-respecting nation will guarantee to do her part for mutual defence and security and despite the disparity in numbers of the populations of the two countries Canada's contribution will be considerable.

The agreement should bring the United States and the whole British Commonwealth much closer together. Not so very long ago, as our fathers will remember, the United States and Britain looked upon each other more or less as rivals. A naval increase in one nation sometimes caused suspicion in the other. Now each of the two Powers is glad of the other's strength.

This is a prophecy of what will some day come about in all nations,—and among all the people in each nation,—when instead of "Every man for himself, and every nation for itself," the motto will be "Each for all and all for each."

A common foe is inevitably bringing these great forces of democracy into a more friendly and intimate relationship than ever before realized, and who knows how far that road may take them, perhaps under the leadership of Canada. Who knows what great things may be done by young Canada in moulding the new world!

AMERICA'S ENVOY WARNS AMERICA

THE German military machine is "without question the most powerful that has ever been created." So says the Hon. William C. Bullitt, until recalled after the collapse, United States ambassador to France. Yet we believe Hitler's triumph over France was not due so much to his military machine or genius as to his skill in treachery—to his massed forces of frightfulness, to his breaking his promise not to attack the neutral countries, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg and to his Fifth Column and deceitful propaganda in France.

However that may be, the collapse of France and the plight of her citizens is desperate today. Mr. Bullitt, an accredited eye-witness, made that clear to his compatriots in his nationwide broadcast from the old historic "cradle of Liberty", Independence Square, Philadelphia.

> "The fighting line of the war for the enslavement of the human spirit is nearing our shores—our fate and the fate of our children depends on what each of us does—*now!*"

* * *

MR. BULLITT reminded his fellow-citizens that they as well as the French felt confident that no force could turn the Maginot Line. Yet the famed impregnability of that line proved to be a myth when Hitler broke through Holland and Belgium.

And today, Mr. Bullitt declared, Britain and the British Navy were America's Maginot Line. That mighty line would be unconquerable in a fair fight, but alone might be no match for Hitler's new weapon of lies, treachery and frightfulness.

So he pled with his nation to lose no time in preparing for the worst—and to send Britain the utmost help in ships, planes and munitions. And so they will. And if they are wise they will do it *now*, when such help may save the day for democracy and for Christianity. It is already too late to urge the effective *ounce* of prevention. A ton of cure is now and immediately needed lest a planet of destruction result.

* * *

TRUTH will win against falsehood, but truth must be declared. If people really understand the truth about the war they will act on it: Too many are acting on false principles and lying propaganda. They are "crying 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace," and they are acting as if there was no danger. They need to be "stabbed broad awake." Even some leaders of thought and of religion, standing in their watch towers with their backs to the enemy, are crying peace, peace, and declaring there is no need to prepare for the oncoming foe. These peace-mongers, declares Mr. Bullitt in effect, are Hitler's volunteer allies. They are his advance lullaby troops. What all religious leaders should be crying is "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" Canada and the British Empire are at war for God and home and freedom.

We Owe Our Liberty

OUR forefathers paid a great price for religious liberty, and the right of free speech. Let us never forget the sacrifices they made. It is literally true that everything worth while in our lives, and in our national life, we owe to the Gospel of Christ.

How privileged we are! We could never tolerate prohibition of worship, and of the right of free speech; how, too, should we regard the existence of secret service agents, and spies, in our land? To find imprisonment, or death awaiting us through too loud expression of Christian sentiments, or condemnation of evil, would be terrible.

Let us cherish the liberty that God has given us, and see that our children, and their children in turn, shall enjoy the liberty of the Gospel.—Christian Herald.

"God often digs wells of joy with the spade of sorrow."

Fighting For Freedom

Col. Breckinridge of New York in a broadcast to Canada on August 18th ended his talk with the stirring cry—

"MY prayer for you is that you endure and win. My hope for my own country is that the United States draw its sword for freedom and humanity. Children of Montcalm, heirs of Wolfe, God speed you!"

Col. Breckinridge had already explained the danger of delay to his own country—

"The danger today is greater than any that has gone before. The reason is simple and should be clear to every intelligent mind. In preceding crises, arms were simple, easily hidden and widely individually owned. . . . Today a people conquered and disarmed is at the mercy of the conqueror—a victim ready for permanent and perhaps hopeless slavery. . . .

"Hitler is the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse rolled into one insatiable tyrant. The banner over him is blood. He consolidated his domestic power by the synchronized murder on a single day in 1934 of all his German rivals. Treachery is the basis of all his diplomacy. As he destroys one victim he lulls to sleep with sweet assurances the next on his list.

"The British Commonwealth of Nations and the American nations stand alone between him and the total conquest of the free peoples of the earth.

"If America sleeps and Britain fails, America will awake to its doom. . . .

"The world cannot survive half slave and half free. Hitler knows this and relentlessly pursues his ravaging race to destroy the last citadels of freedom. He must destroy liberty or liberty will destroy him.

"He rightly recognizes this as a war of annihilation. We too should recognize it and my deepest conviction is that my country should furiously organize its vast latent power into unassailable and irresistible military might for the utter defeat of the scourge of Satan that has been loosed upon humanity.

"Finally," he said, "we are advised by the American friends of Hitler (and I am ashamed to say they exist) to be prepared to negotiate an agreement with him. I should prefer to make a treaty with a poisonous snake. . . .

"The only hope of humanity is the destruction of Hitler. . . Better to make a pet of a tiger or set a wolf to guard young children than trust this fiend in human form so long as the breath of life is in him. Should we stand by until this assassin has murdered every member of our family and plan to negotiate an agreement with him when he has completed his orgy of crime?"

"Canada," he said, "I salute you. You have cast out doubt and fear. . . Each nation of the western hemisphere should follow your example. . . . My hope for my own country is that the United States will draw its sword for freedom and humanity."

Ambassador to France Holds Atlantic No Greater Surety Than Was Maginot Line

BEFORE thousands assembled in Independence Square, Philadelphia, William C. Bullitt, United States Ambassador to France, announced his conviction that the American nation "is in as great peril today as was France a year ago."

His talk was heard by thousands of radio listeners, but its salient points, quoted below, will bear repetition and fixing in the memory.

Fresh from France, where he had witnessed the capitulation of the French Government to the Nazi invaders and the surrender of Paris, Mr. Bullitt declared that unless the United States "acts now, decisively, to meet the threat, we shall be too late."

"The agents of the dictators are already here preparing the way for their armies," he told his hearers.

"They are preparing the way in the same manner in which they prepared the way in France."

He went into some detail recounting the background of the French capitulation, taking occasion several times to praise the courage and patriotism of the French people and the bravery of the soldiers, but warning of the "strategy of destruction" that weakened the Government from within and prevented adequate preparations to combat the enemy.

He asserted that only the British fleet and the courage of the British peoples "stands today between the Americas and the unleashed dictatorships."

Mr. Bullitt warned of the effectiveness of fifth column activities within France, of the work of Communist and Nazi agents in weakening French morale, in keeping the Germans informed of French army movements and the intentions of the French Government, and in hindering communications and traffic.

DUNCANNON RODE WITH DEATH

READERS of the "Northern Messenger may remember that when Lord Bessborough was our Governor-General, he let it be known in Ottawa that his son would not be allowed to attend any cocktail parties.

This son, now grown to be a brave, self-effacing man, has been appointed aide-de camp to Lt.-Gen. A. G. L. McNaughton, whose corps command embraces the 1st Canadian Division.

The Canadian Press carries this story of his adventures.

The tall, soldierly Viscount, who has the rank of lieutenant, can count himself among the veterans of the present war. He served in France for 2½ months, as liaison officer and aide-de-camp to General E. A. Osborne and was with the heroic remnant of the British Expeditionary Force which survived the ordeal of the Dunkirk withdrawal.

In that operation the young Viscount rode hand-in-hand with death. On a reconnaissance through heavily-shelled countryside, his car broke down. While waiting on the roadside, a French motorcyclist, conveying an officer in a sidecar, offered him a lift on the pillion seat.

The motorcycle had only gone a few hundred yards when a shrapnel shell burst overhead killing the driver and the French officer. Twelve French poilus standing near a cross-road also were wounded by the blast and Duncannon's steel helmet was lifted off his head by the concussion. He escaped with a superficial wound in the back.

The Viscount commandeered a lorry and with the assistance of some French soldiers administered first aid to the wounded and rushed them off to a French hospital near Dunkirk.

After his own injury had been treated he carried on with his mission and returned to the control centre with his report.

A few hours later he was back in Dunkirk, walking up and down the beach, heartening the men waiting for British transports to take them off and helping them rustle up whatever food was available. He himself was on the beach for 2½ days and was picked up after swimming to a boat which was rounding up stragglers trying to reach the troopships.

I say, as emphatically as I can, that to no one is alcohol a necessity.—Sir Gilbert Barling, F.R.C.S.

Example is a lesson that all men can read.—Gilbert West.

"The great end of life is not knowledge but action."